

- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

**TINTIN**

# **RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE**

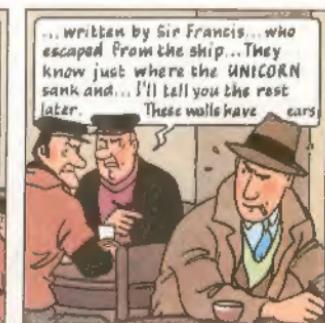
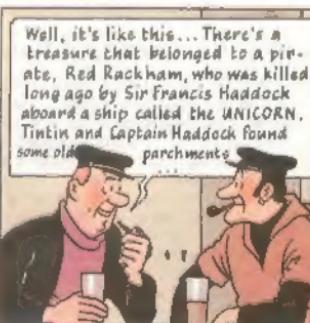
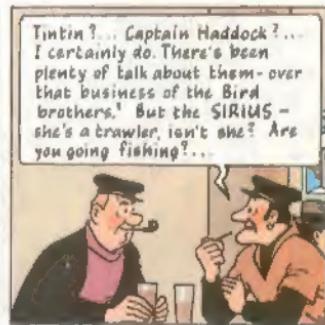
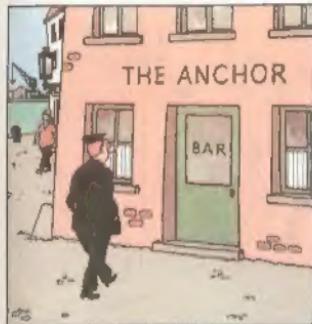


MAGNET



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# RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE



<sup>1</sup> See The Secret of the Unicorn

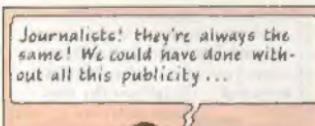
Next day...

Daily Reporter!  
Daily Reporter!

Here...

Thanks.

Daily Reporter!... Read all  
about it!

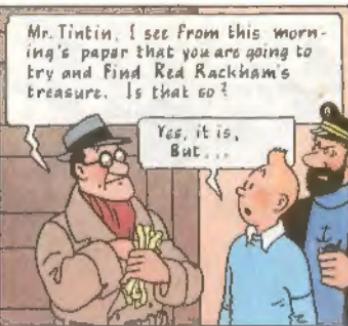


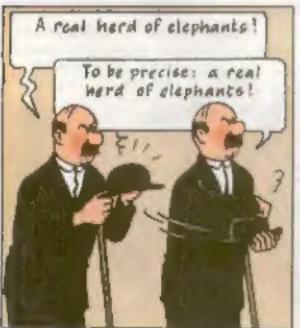
## Red Rackham's Treasure

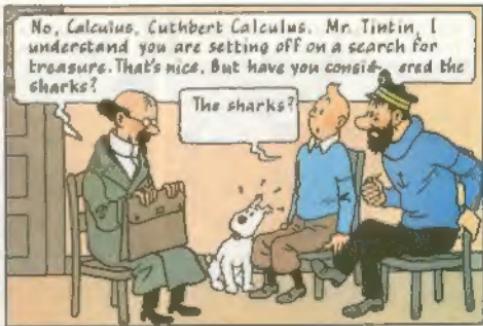
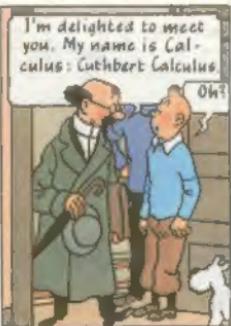
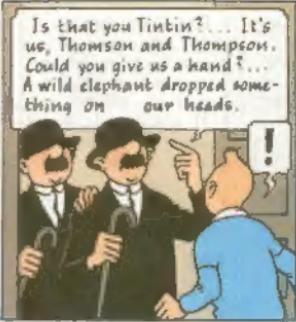
THE forthcoming departure of the trawler *Sirius* is arousing speculation in sea-faring circles. Despite the close secrecy which is being maintained, our correspondent understands that the object of the voyage is nothing less than a search for treasure.

This treasure, once the hoard of the pirate Red Rackham, lies in the ship *Unicorn*, sunk at the end of the seventeenth century. Tintin, the famous reporter—whose sensational intervention in the Bird case made headline news—and his friend Captain Haddock, have discovered the exact resting-place of the *Unicorn*,









No, young man, I'm talking about the sharks. I expect you intend to do some diving. In which case, beware of sharks!

But...

Don't you agree?... But I've invented a machine for under-water exploration, and it's shark-proof. If you'll come to my house with me, I'll show it to you.

I'm very sorry but...

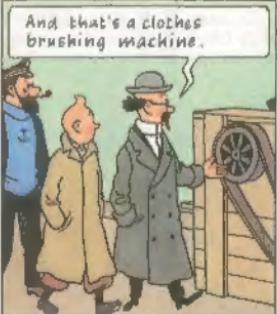
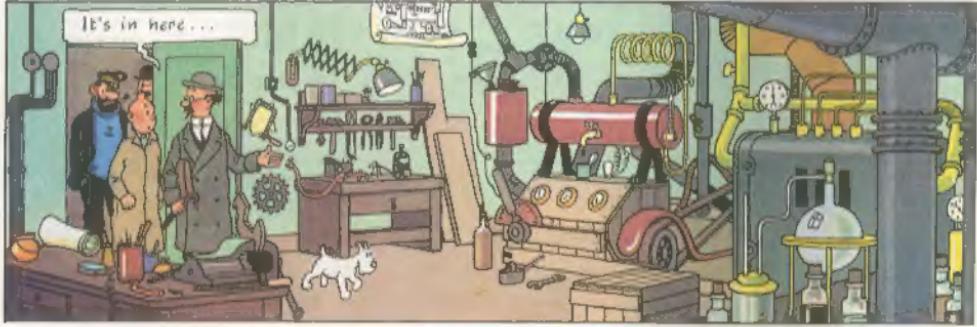
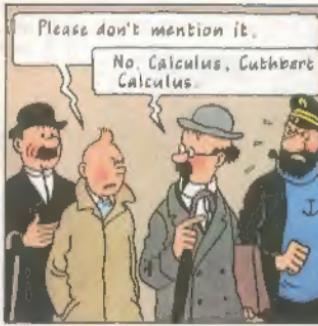
No, it's not far. Less than ten minutes...

I'm afraid I'm very busy and I...

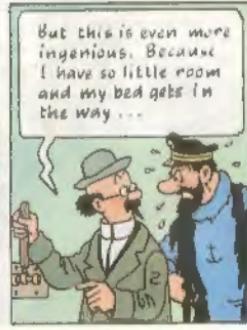
Why of course. Certainly these gentlemen may come too.

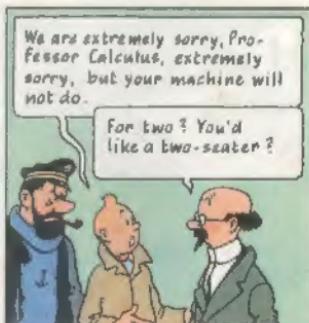
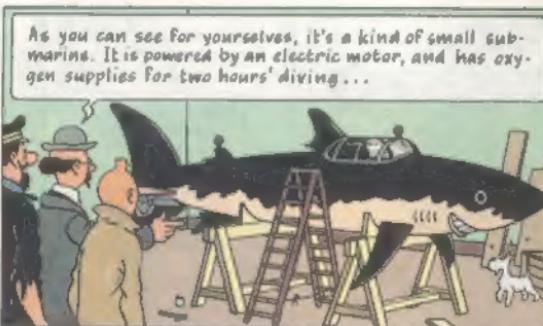
It's no good. There's no time!  
NO TIME!

Good, that's settled. We'll go at once.



No, a clothes-brushing machine.  
It's one of my latest inventions.





No, Professor Calculus, I said your machine won't do for us!

Oh, good!

Well, gentlemen, that's agreed. I'll make another smaller one. It will be ready in eight days' time...

Some days later...

Well, we're all ready to start - at least, if we can find a diving-suit. I've spent three days hunting through marine stores, and I still haven't unearthed one.

I say, look there!

Great snakes! Let's go and see...

FOR SALE  
Complete  
Diving  
Equipment, as new

We'd like to see the diving equipment, please.

The diving-suit? Please follow me.

There...

Beware, young fellow, beware!  
Money is the root of all evil!

Why... why do you say that?

Why?... Because I see that you intend to go treasure-hunting...

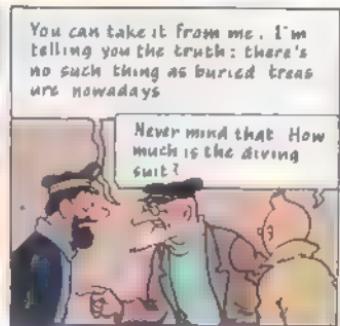
You see that? Where can you see it?

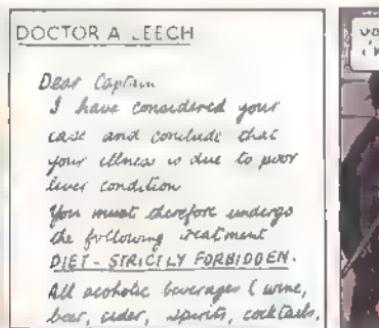
I read it in your face.

In my face?... But... but... what's unusual about my face? Tintin, can you see anything?

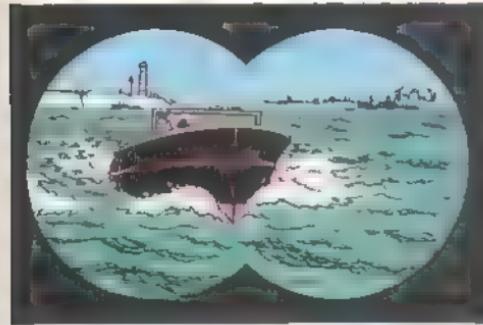
Blistering barnacles!

Well, I...









Yes, you are in danger Max Bird the antique dealer was seen last night skulking near the SIRIUS. He may try to take his revenge.

Just let him try! He'll find out

Maybe, maybe. But anyway now we are aboard you will be able to feel that you are perfectly safe

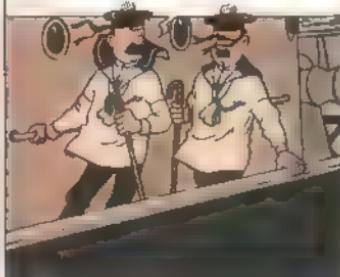
To be precise perfectly safe

We shall see. Meanwhile we must find you a berth let's see. We've a couple of spare bunks forward. What do you think?

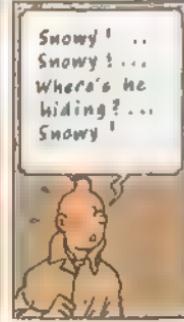
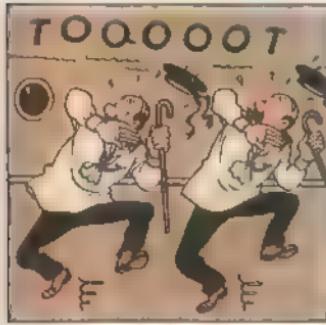
Yes, thanks!



We must behave like old sea dogs



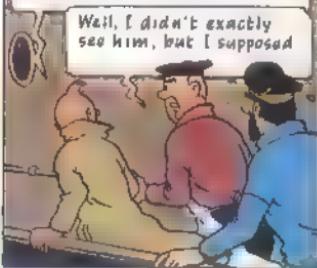
For a start, we'd better learn to chew tobacco  
All old sea dogs chew a quid. Here, have one of these



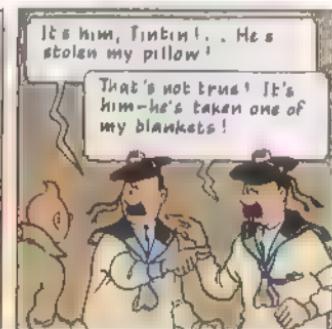
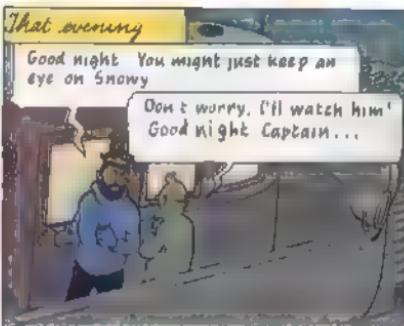
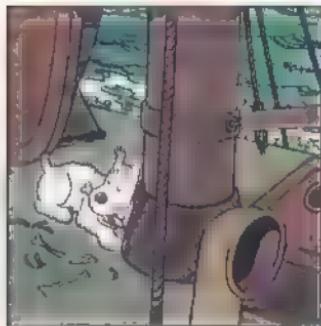
Snowy!... Snowy!... Where on earth can he be hiding?

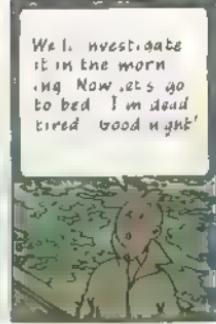
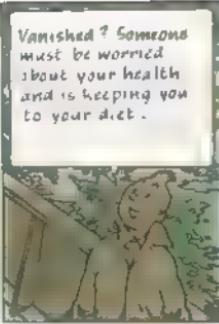


You really saw him make off with the chicken?



You supposed!... You supposed!... Don't you accuse anyone of anything unless you have proof!... Besides, how do we know you didn't eat the chicken yourself?



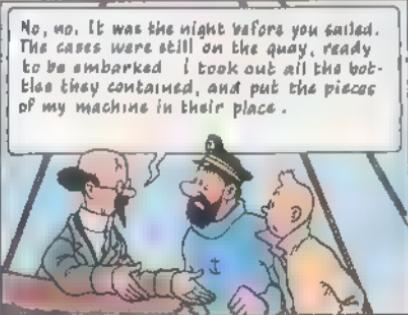
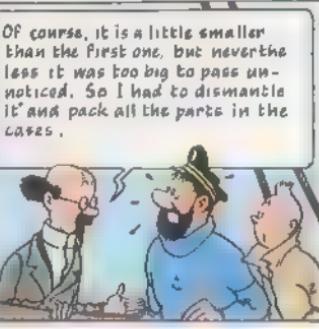
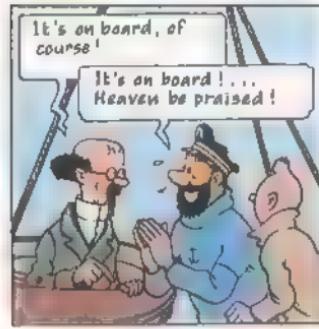
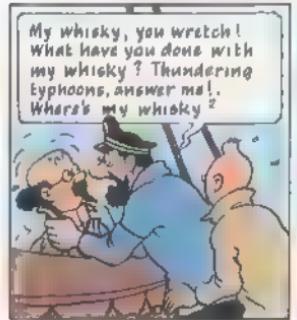


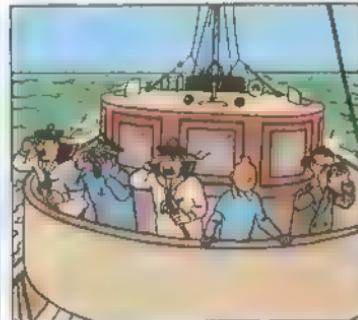
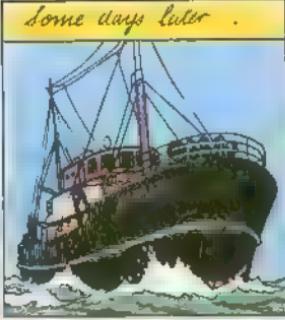




Impossible; the lashings are secure ... At least ...







Still no sign It's very strange



What's the name of the island?



Oh?... But you are sure we're near it?



Yes I see But... or supposing you made a mistake in your calculations...



On so I made a mistake in my calculations, did I? All right they're on my table Go and check them!... Yes, you! Now! Go on! Check them!



Tell me, Captain, was that a fish jumping out of the water just now?

No, it was a grand piano!

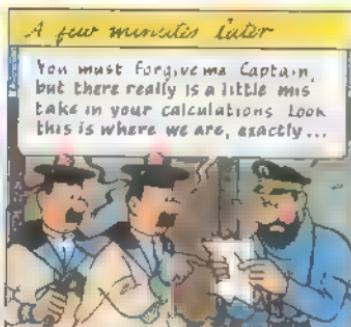


Ah I didn't think it could have been a fish



A few minutes later

You must forgive me Captain, but there really is a little mistake in your calculations. Look this is where we are, exactly...



You are right... I have made a mistake Gentlemen, please take off your hats



Why must we take off our hats, Captain?

Sh!



?

?



Now...

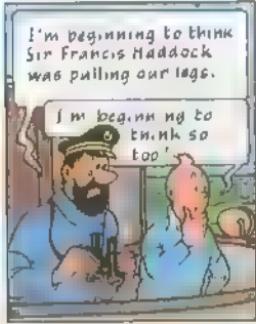
But Captain tell us what you mean



I mean, gent'lemen that according to your calculations we are now standing inside Westminster Abbey!



Thousands of thundering typhoons! Where's that miserable island got to?



That's it. Let's go in and I'll work it out.



The figures given on the parchments were latitude  $20^{\circ} 37' 42''$  North, longitude  $70^{\circ} 52' 15''$  West. Here's our position now, the same latitude, longitude  $71^{\circ} 2' 29''$  West.



So we've already passed the right point, and yet we saw nothing... I simply can't understand it!



Captain, I think I've got it!



What do you mean?

Well, the meridian from which you calculated the degrees of longitude was of course the Greenwich meridian...



You don't suppose I used one in Timbuctoo?

No, wait. Supposing Sir Francis Haddock used a French chart - he easily could have done. Then zero would be on the Paris meridian, and that lies more than two degrees east of Greenwich!



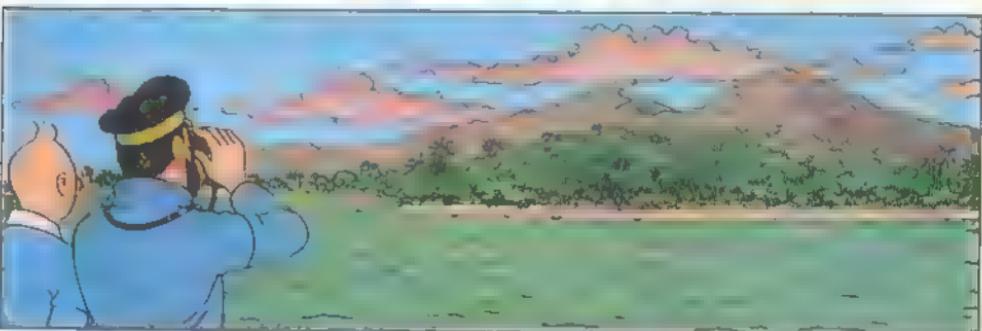
Blistering barnacles, that's an idea! You may be right! Perhaps we are too far to the west. We'll go back on our tracks...



Coxswain  
at the wheel!  
... Helm  
hard a port!  
... Midships!  
... Steer  
due east.



How easy it is to be mistaken!  
I'd have sworn we'd turned back.



It's too late to go  
ashore tonight. We'll  
drop anchor, and to  
morrow we'll explore  
the island.



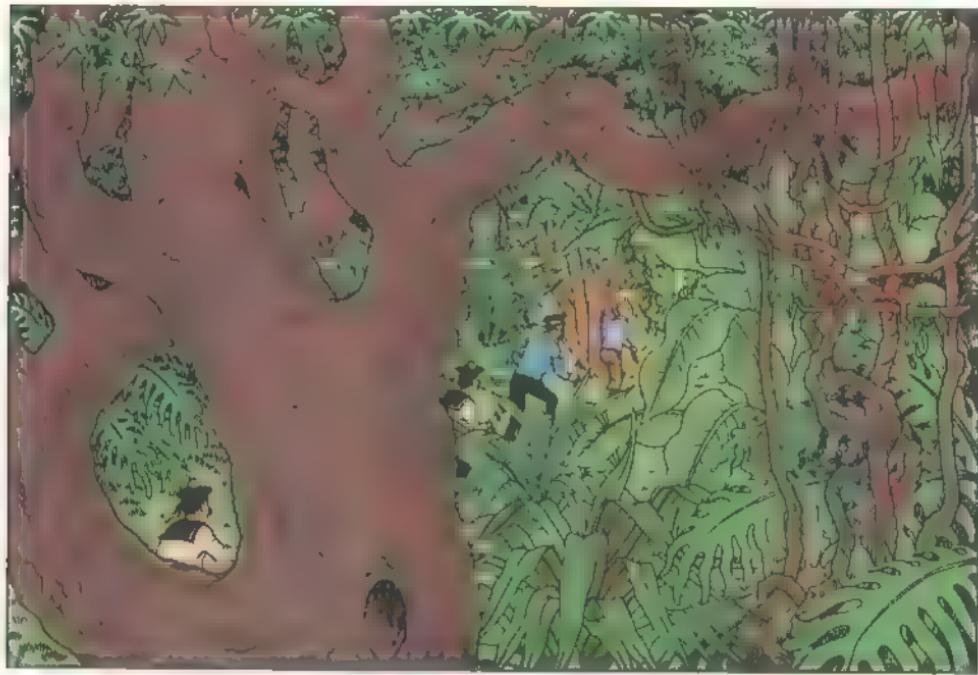
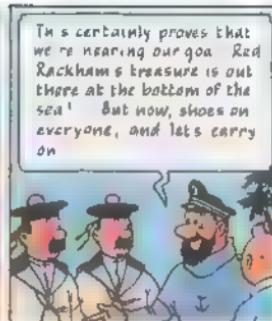
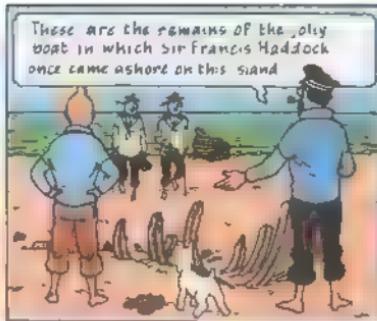
Next morning



Have the boat up the beach. I'm  
going to reconnoitre









My word! It's meant to be  
S.r Francis Haddock'

Look at that mouth! His voice  
must have made an enormous  
impression on the natives. I  
can just imagine their faces the  
first time they heard  
him shout:  
"Ration my  
rum!"

RRRATION MY  
RRRUM !

What's the matter  
Captain?

Who shouted  
like that?

What? Wasn't  
it you?

No, it wasn't me! Thrum-  
dering typhoons!

Yes it's Sir Francis  
Haddock

RRRATION MY  
RRRUM !

It came from over there

Not a soul!

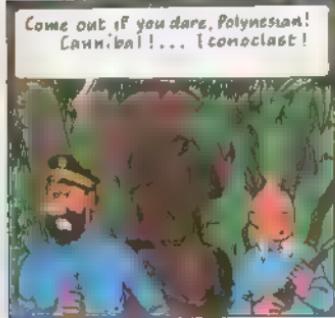
This is and is n h Haunted  
Captain Let's hurry back t t to  
the sh sh ship

To b-b-be precise. I-let's  
hurry back t t to the  
sh sh ship

Pitneanthropus'  
Pockmark

Pockmark yourself, you gib-  
bering ghost!

Come out if you dare, Polynesian! Cannibal!... Iconoclast!



Baboon!

Squawking papinay!

Sea gherkin!

Pickled Herring!

Busterin' barnacles! Parrot!!

Yes parrots! From generation to generation your ancestor's vocabulary has been handed down!

Pockmark! Freshwater swabs! Bully!

Me a bully? You called me a bully did you?

I'll show you what I'm made of!

Here's a coconut to cut your cancle icon 'coctails'



Don my back! What I rub for you



Your gun!... Give me your gun! ... I'm going to turn them into parrot-soup



Hey Captain calm yourself. After all they're only parrots!

Bandits!

Forget about them Captain. Let's go on.

My gun! Who has taken my gun?

I only left it there for a moment.

Perhaps it fell into the bush?

What?

No... it's vanished completely!

Blue blistering...

Sh... Listen!

What's that noise?

Crooee  
Crooee  
Crooee!

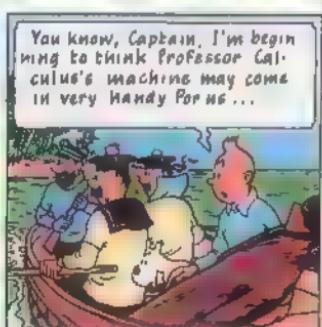
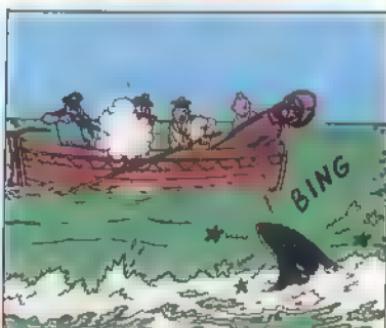
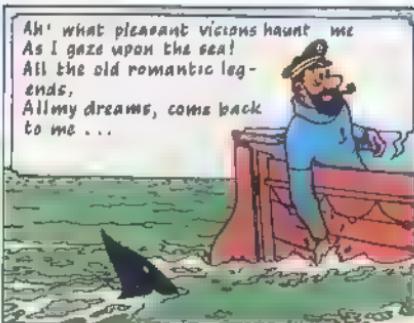
Crooee! Crooee

Blistering baboons! Monkeys! Gibbons! Orang-outangs! Give us back that gun! Cercopith ECUSSE!

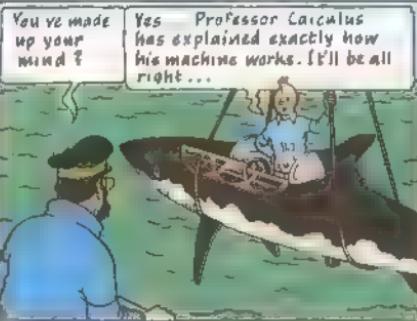
That's no use. Captain, leave it to me. I'll frighten them.

Hands up! Bang! Bang! Bang!  
Hey, don't do that!





Next day



I forgot to tell you. When you locate the wreck, press the little red button on the left of the instrument panel. That releases a small canister attached underneath the machine. It is full of a substance that gives off thick smoke when it comes into contact with water. That will show us where the wreck lies.



No, red! A lit  
tie red button  
.. You've got  
it! Good...  
Well, good-bye,  
and good  
luck!



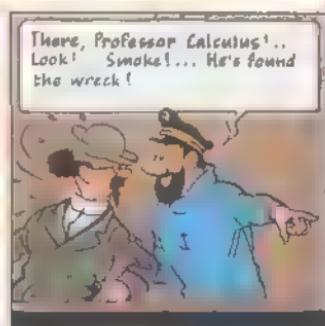
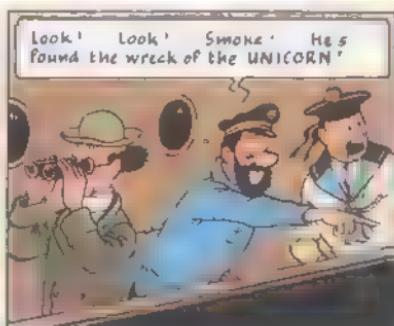
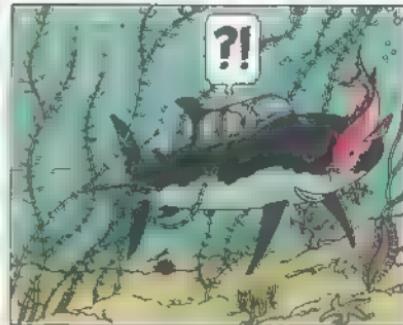
There he goes - he's dived

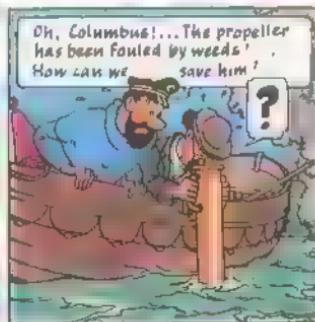
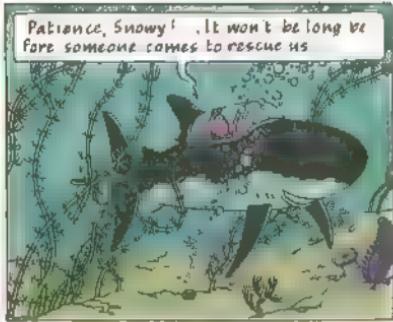


Let's hope nothing goes wrong...

Gone long? Why, it's  
only ten minutes since  
he dived







Really, Captain! Your eyes have deceived you! It's not the wreck, it is Tintin. He can't resurface...

Your confounded contraption! I should never have let him go down!

May drown? Well, he had enough oxygen for two hours. He's got... Let's see... yes, he has just enough for another ten minutes!

I hope they hurry! It's getting more and more difficult to breathe...

What can we do? How can we save him? Lower a diver? No, by the time we'd got one equipped and ready, Tintin would be dead...

No, I've got an idea. Take the anchor!... The anchor used for mooring the buoy!

The anchor? What anchor? Port!

Of course!... We'll try and hook it on to the submarine. Then we'll pull on the rope until the weeds break...

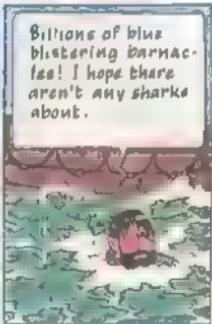
That's it! Let it down. Lower... lower... lower... gently...

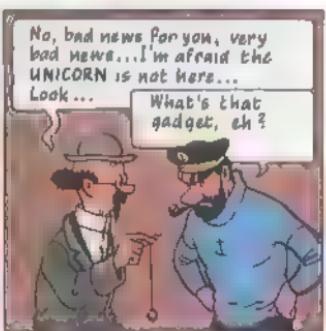
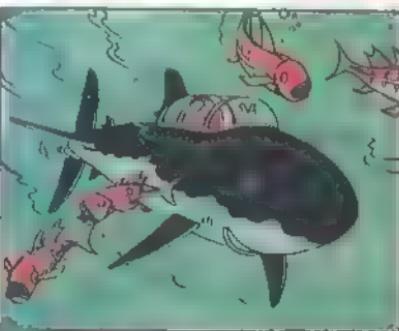
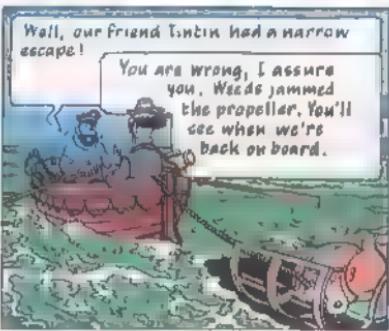
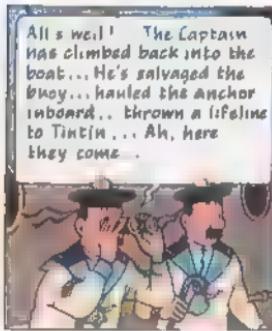
An anchor!... They're going to try to hook me. Quick, empty the ballast tanks, that'll help them

He understood. He emptied the ballast tanks to lighten the submarine... A bit to the left Captain... Good Now, pull!

Ah, they've got it! I'm saved! Just in time! I'm suffocating.

Good!... The anchor hadn't caught properly. Lower it again... down... stop! A bit to the right, now to the left... Pull it up gently





Yes, it's a pendulum. I've taken up the study of diving, and I've arrived at the conclusion I just gave you.

All from that whatsis?

Yes, much further west... You'll see. My pendulum will begin swinging from east to west. Look, it's started...

You see?... It's swinging westwards. The UNICORN will be found in that direction.

Look there, Captain Smoke!



And 'look, there's the submarine surfacing! This time we've got it! ... He's found the wreck!

Have you found it?

Westwards... It's still westwards



Yes, I've found the UNICORN! You can prepare the diving equipment!



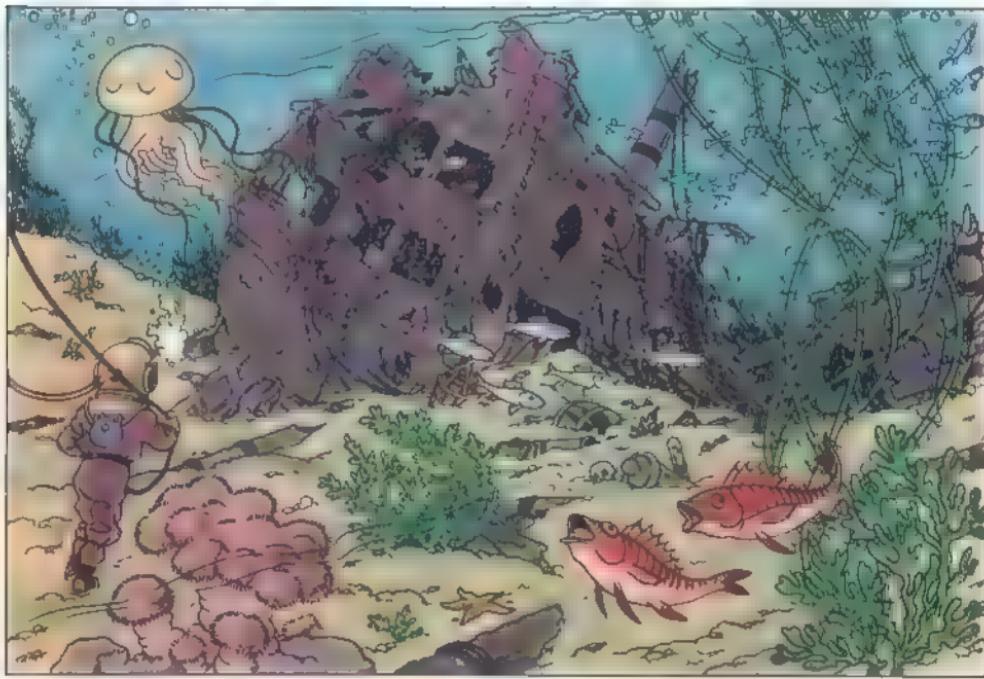
You're sure you'll be all right?

Certain! I'll do everything exactly as you told me...

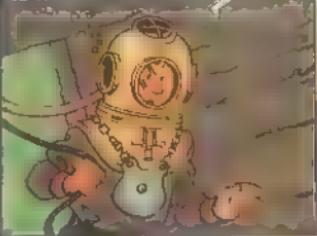
Good. Now, don't forget... If you want to come up, jerk the line twice. In an emergency, give a series of quick jerks.

Right!





Crumba! What's happening?  
The air supply has stopped!  
...



Thundering typhoons! What are you two  
doing there, instead  
of pumping?

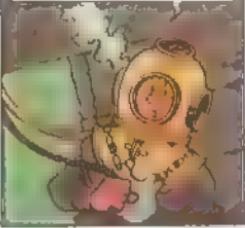
Us? We're resting... it's  
tiring work you know.



You infernal  
impersonations of Abominable  
Snowmen!  
Pump for your  
lives!... Faster!



Whew!... That's better!  
Now the air's com-  
ing again! That gave me  
quite a fright.



Excuse me, Captain, but I don't  
understand... Since the UNICORN is  
not here, why has Tintin gone down?



He's picking daisies down  
below!



Having a row?  
I don't see a  
boat!

Two jerks on the line!  
He wants to come  
up. I'm sure he must  
have found some-  
thing!



Heave ho! Heave ho!



What has he got?



A gold cross, encrusted with precious  
stones!... and a cutlass!... I say,  
this cross is superb!

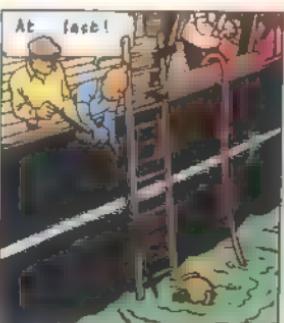
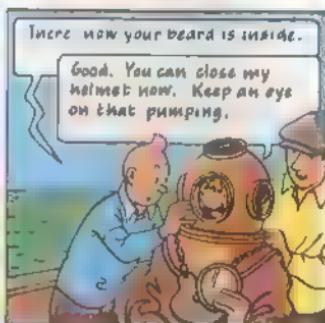
We've made a good  
start, eh?



Now why did he  
tell me that  
Tintin had gone  
for a row?



Yes, it's a good start. But this is nothing to what else we shall find. You'll see. I'm going down myself, this time.

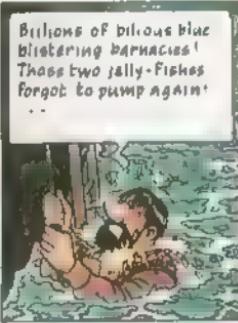


A bottle? What  
can that  
mean?

A bottle of rum, my friends!  
... Jamaica rum, and  
it's more than two hun-  
dred and fifty years old!  
... just you taste it!



Mum'... It's wonderful!... It's  
absolutely w-w-wonderful!  
Y-y you taste it!... Yes, yes,  
that's F-F-for you! I'm g-g  
going at st-st straight back to g-g  
get a-a another f-for m-m-yself...



But but I wasn't us, you

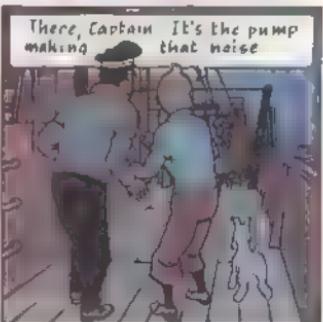
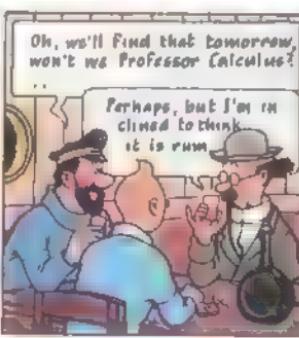
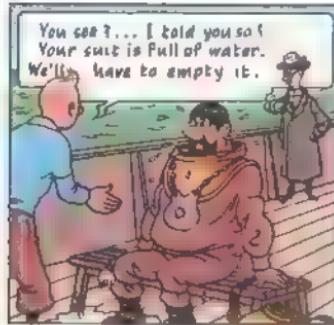
Science! You were told  
to pump, then pump,  
by thunder!

It's no use dry ng  
yourself, Captain. You  
must empty your suit  
first... Take it off  
now

Take it off?...  
Never!  
Never!

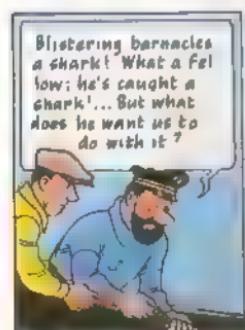
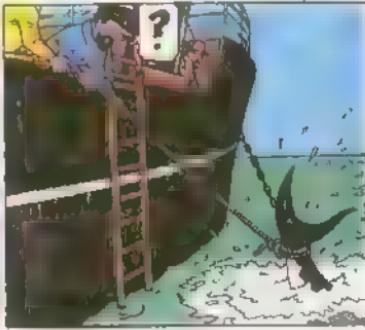
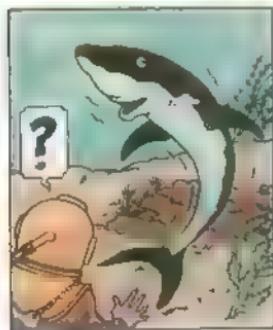
I'll rest a min-  
ute and go  
down again











Well, what's the meaning of this little joke?

Little joke? Just cut open that shark Captain, and you'll see.

In any case, I believe the fins are particularly tasty.

A few minutes later...

Captain! Captain! Look what we found in the shark's stomach!

A casket!... A casket!... Red Rackham's treasure! Red Rackham's treasure!... Here it is at last!

Quick, into my cabin!

Hmm!... Not so easy! It's all rusted up.

It's no good, you'll snap the blade. Better try this case opener.

Good idea. Hold it tight, you two.

Go on! Go on; don't worry, we're holding it.

Got it!

B lions of various hues were covering barnacles in a thundering typhoon! It's not the treasure!

These are old documents, half eaten away by damp!

Documents? Fins! And what am I supposed to do with documents?

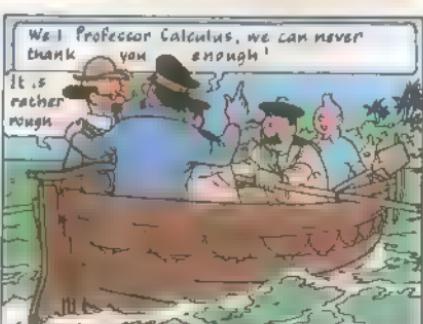
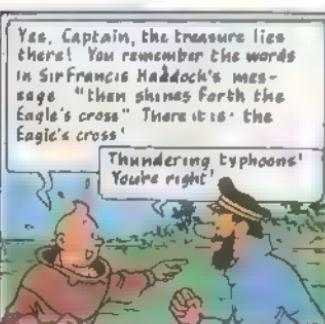
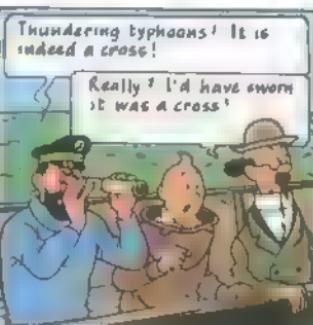
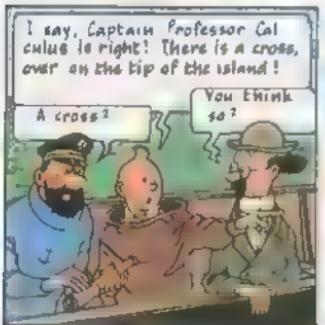
Come now, Captain, don't lose heart!... We'll continue our search.

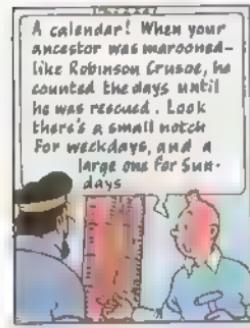
What's the use?



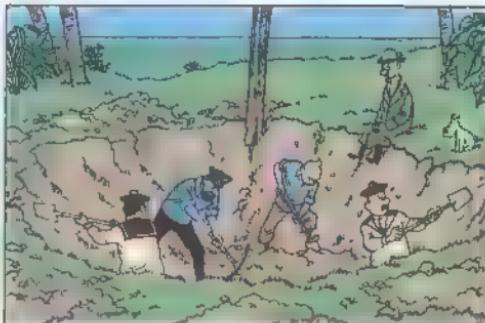
Nothing... Nothing at all! I've been carefully through all that's left of the poop...







What can they be searching for like that?



But no, it's impossible!

WHAT? What is so impossible?



That the treasure can be here!

W-w what? Why?



Just think... Supposing Sir Francis Haddock left the UNICORN, carrying the treasure, why would he have buried it here, at the foot of this cross? What would you have done in his place? On the day you left this island you'd have taken the treasure with you, wouldn't you?

But then...



Then?... Probably the treasure is still out there, under the sea!... And we've followed a false trail!

All because of that creature Calculus, b-i-s - caring bar nacles!



Yes, it's all your fault you certified ignoramus!

Yes, I'm tired of telling you: it's further westwards!



Westwards! Westwards! I'll give you Westwards!



Now your infernal pendulum's gone west, you Olympiathlete, you



Woah! Woah!



Take that!... And that!... Now it's buried, pestilential pendulum!

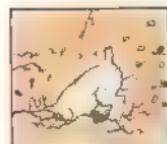


There. And don't mention it again! Come on now, we're going back!



He's furious!





Now, Captain, you sit down while I go and have a look for those two...

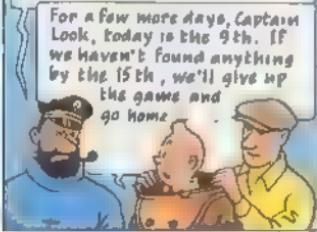
I wonder where they've got to, the sillies!



Next day...

Well, you've quite made up your mind to go on searching?

For a few more days, Captain Look, today is the 9th. If we haven't found anything by the 15th, we'll give up the game and go home.



Just as you please...

You won't regret it. And it will give us a chance to try and raise some of the remains of the UNICORN... The figure-head, for instance.



OFF we go! Pumping again!

Here's to the 15th when we'll be able to stop! I'm fed up with this business.



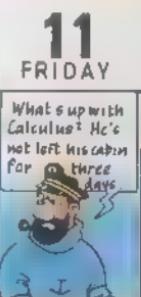
Come to think of it, I haven't seen Calculus today. Is he ill?



10  
THURSDAY



11  
FRIDAY



12  
SATURDAY



**13**  
SUNDAY

Still no luck,  
Captain

**14**  
MONDAY



**15**  
TUESDAY



What...  
What's hap-  
pening?...It  
looks as if...

Oh dear,  
I'm right!  
...I must  
warn the  
Captain!



Ah I see now! At last  
you have realised  
that the UNICORN is  
not where you were  
looking! You are  
steering westwards  
I understand.



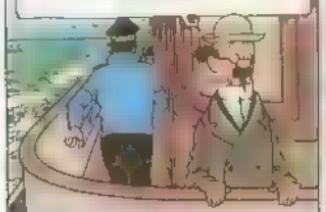
I've had enough!  
Come with me!



You see that, eh? I  
suppose it's the figure  
head of the TITANIC!



My word, it's a unicorn!  
But what about my pendulum  
which swung to the west?  
How extraordinary...



**16**  
WEDNESDAY

**17**  
THURSDAY

**18**  
FRIDAY

**19**  
SATURDAY

**20**  
SUNDAY

**21**  
MONDAY

**22**  
TUESDAY





Hello. Yes...  
"Daily Reporter"  
...Yes. What?  
The SIRIUS has  
docked? Are  
you sure?...  
Good... Thanks!



Hello, is that you  
Rogers?... Go to the  
dock at once. The  
SIRIUS has just come  
in... I want a good  
story about her!



Well, Captain, I'll say goodbye to you  
now. I'll have my submarine collected  
tomorrow morning.

All right. Good.



Now please let me thank  
you, Captain. You have  
been so very kind.

Oh, it was nothing.



Yes, yes Captain. Thanks to  
you, I shall always have unfor-  
gettable memories of my stay  
on board...

So shall I!



Er... excuse me... I  
missed a step!



Allow me to introduce  
myself. Ken Rogers  
of the "Daily Reporter".

"Daily Reporter"?  
Wasn't yours the  
paper that gave  
the news of our  
departure?



It was!... And we  
would like to publish  
a sensational article  
about your trip. May  
I ask you a few  
questions?

Of course.



I'm rather busy myself. This  
is my secretary, Mr. Calculus;  
he will be happy to  
answer all your inquiries.

Delighted.



Now Mr Calculus, about the trea-  
sure...



...Oh, yes.  
I'm sure you have it  
there, in that suit-  
case...



I can understand  
that!... Now tell me,  
what does the treasure  
consist of?

No?... Not  
really?



No, I asked you what  
was in the treasure  
you found. Was it  
gold?... Pearls?...  
Diamonds?



Look Mr Calculus, I don't quite follow...

Of course! But let me give you a little advice... don't tell anyone!

And you may rely on me - I will keep this strictly between ourselves!

Well, Captain, our mission is completed. Because he knew we were aboard, Max Bird didn't dare interfere with your activities.

No doubt. You're going home now?

No, we're a bit tired... The journey, you know and the pumping... We're going to spend a few days in the country with a farmer friend of ours.

Have a good hole - day!

Now for the simple, healthy tasks of the countryside! No more pumping!

To be precise: no more pump!

and when you've finished crushing the oats, you can have a turn at the chaff-cutter.

some days later.

Good morning Tintin

Hello Professor Calculus. What brings you here?

Very well, thank you. And you... I've come to bring you the documents...

The documents? What documents?

No, the documents we found in the casket... Don't you remember?... I've tried to piece them together, sticking the fragments on sheets of paper. Some are illegible. Others, like that one, are comparatively easy to decipher.

I believe that one will interest the Captain particularly

Great snakes! I think so too!

Come on! We must see the Captain!

Charles the Second, by ye Grace  
of God King of England, desir-  
ing to reward Our trusty and enti-  
led Knight Francis Hauolocke Lie-  
utenant Daily for his Devout ser-  
vices to Our Country and bestow Our  
royal favor of Marlinspike  
Blessings and Complements upon  
him. Given and delivered by  
and this fifteen day of July  
in this year of 1666.

The rest! Read  
the rest!

But you don't know the latest!  
Wait, you'll see...

**PROTECTOR**  
JAMES BIDDUP & CO.  
For Sale by Auction  
ON SATURDAY,  
9TH AUGUST

MARLINSPIKE HALL

This magnificent, beautifully  
appointed, and historic residence  
and parkland and

May I please have  
a look too?

Of course

Charles the Second by ye Grace  
of God King of England, desir-  
ing to reward Our trusty and enti-  
led Knight Francis Hauolocke Lie-  
utenant Daily for his Devout ser-  
vices to Our Country and bestow Our  
royal favor of Marlinspike  
Blessings and Complements upon  
him. Given and delivered by  
and this fifteen day of July  
in this year of 1666.

Thundering ty-  
phoon! Am I  
dreaming? It's Mar-  
linspike Hall!  
Marlinspike, my  
family estate! It's  
fantastic! Eee!

Well, what about  
that?



What about it?... Well, Captain  
it's quite simple. Your family  
estate is for sale?... You must  
buy it back!

Buy it back?  
With what?

That's true. We need  
some money

Heigh-ho... If only  
we'd found that  
wretched treasure  
there'd be no  
auction



Captain, Marlinspike Hall is for  
sale! Look! We must buy  
it back.

Oh yes?

Buy it back?... That's  
easy, eh?... What about  
the money? I suppose  
you've got the money, eh?

Oh yes money  
That doesn't matter!



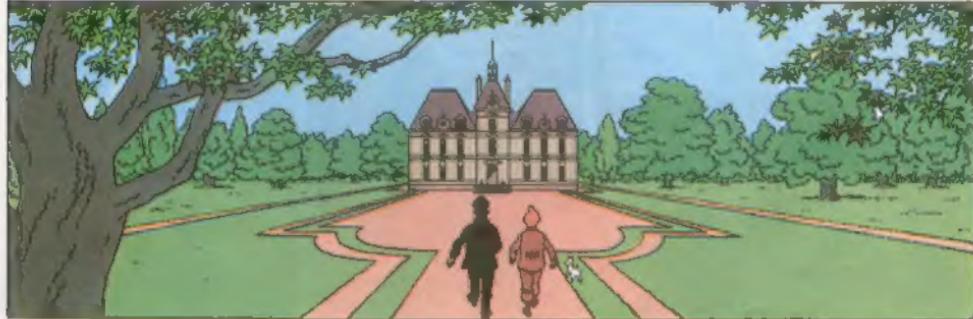
That's all right! I have some money.

You?... You've got money?...  
That's nice for you!...  
Personally, I haven't any!

Quite! The government have paid me a large sum for the patent on my submarine. Thanks to you I was able to try it out. Now it's my turn to help you... Come along, we're going to buy your mansion.

HOUSE  
FOR  
SALE

This  
HOUSE  
is not  
FOR  
SALE



All's well that ends well!  
... You haven't found the creature, but you have got back your family estate.

It is magnificent!

Wait, you haven't seen anything yet.

This is the room where I telephoned you.

Splendid!



No... Nothing... I thought I heard footsteps...



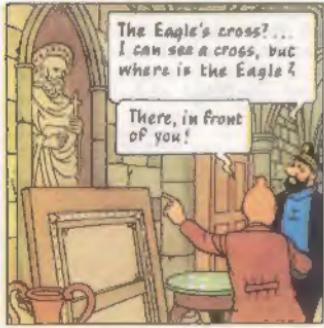
Well, it's a wonderful house!... My ancestor had good taste, didn't he?... Now what about those famous cellars you talked of? Where are they?

Come with me... I'll take you there.

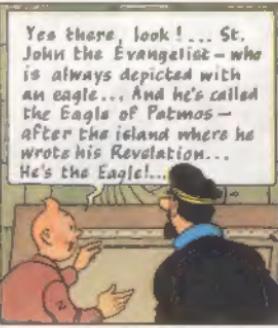




What?



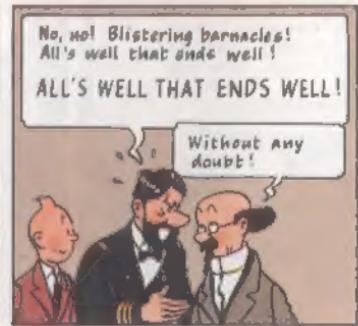
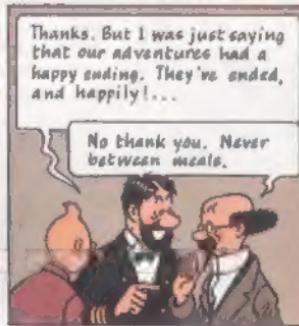
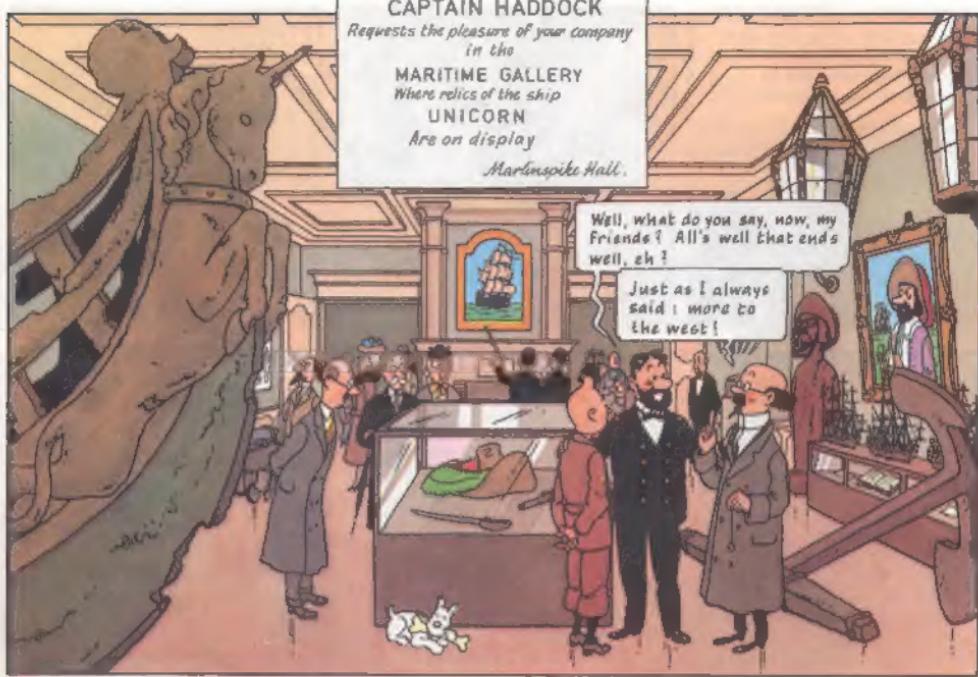
There, in front of you!





Right! Come on!





HERGE